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Go Fish! For Your Soul

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Chapter 1 by Laura Frost

I duck into a dark alley, peering down at my phone. The address matches. This is it. I knock on the door six times, rapidly. A pause, then again. Another pause, and again.

The door opens.

Carefully, I enter the building. It's just one long hall that most certainly does not match the exterior. I walk, my footsteps echoing, shadows following my step.

I don't want to be here.

My thoughts flash to my brother, so thin and sickly, with tubes and wires all over him. I must do this. I will do this.

The hall ends. I enter a room, lit well and decorated in red velvet. At the table sit three people. An old man, a tall woman, and a person who has their collar turned up and their hat down over their eyes. The other being who sits at the table is not exactly a person.

This is Diagon. Home is dead skin, teeth growing out of the dark, and change.

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"Welcome, welcome!" The old man says, his voice hoarse. "I can't tell if you're dead or not, but I can determine your gender. You've known this since birth."

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But my soul? It's what I've been missing all these years.

"Yes."

"Good! Then we can begin..."

He deals out the cards. I look at my hand and a wave of shock rolls through my body. I have trained long and hard in many card games but this? I am not prepared for.

Is the universe freaking kidding me. This game. This. Game.

"Are you ready to... Go Fish! *For Your Soul!!*"

Chapter 2 by Thomas Bond



I look at my cards. I have only one pair, but it doesn't matter because he has none. I go first. "Do you have a red 8?" I ask.

"Go fish," he says. So I fish, and get a 7 of clubs.

His turn now. "Do you have a black 5?" he asks.

I breathe a sigh of relief. "No. Go fish." Ok, it's my turn. "Do you have my soul?" is the question I ask.

His answer now: "No, go fish for it." I reach into the pile and...

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Pull out a black 5.

Oh, shit.

Chapter 4 by Centania



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